

## A King's Little Playmates



KING FREDERICK of Denmark is very fond, indeed, of his little boy and girl subjects. Rarely does he miss a chance of playing with them. And you will see from the picture that he makes an excellent playfellow, even though he is a king.

## Drummer of the Blues

CAPTAIN BEAUCOURT, a soldier of Vendee, was by no means idle during his furlough. Forced home because of a severe wound, no sooner did the conflict begin to center about his native town than he rose quickly to his feet and began directing the remaining remnants of the village, to the aid of which, fortunately, came several regiments of regulars. Today for six hours he had been fighting, so that now he was obliged to rest. Seated outside the inn, where he could have some view of the engagement, he calmly puffed on his pipe.

As the innkeeper brought a mug of ale, he said to the officer: "Captain, our men have charged the Blues and routed them. There remains but a handful of the enemy, sheltered by a ruined wall at the end of the lane."



MADE THE DRUMMER CAPTIVE

Doubtless they would retreat, too, were it not for a drummer who keeps persistently beating the 'Advance,' and so encourages his men.

The captain whistled, whereupon his own son, whom he had recruited as a town defender, came running.

"Jean," ordered the captain, "I want you to find some men and to clean out the Blues from the other end of the village."

The boy—he was only 15 years old—

proudly darted away upon his commission. Soon the captain heard the firing of muskets. A few minutes passed, then a soldier appeared dragging a drummer boy of the Blues.

"Our prisoner, sir," reported the man, "and one who doesn't observe the rules of honorable warfare. There wasn't another Blue in back of that wall, but this chit of a boy rolled and thumped away on his drum in order to deceive us and draw our pursuit from the fleeing enemy."

"Humph! that means death for him," curtly responded the captain. "Have a firing squad summoned as soon as possible."

"Pardon me, captain," the brave drummer boy interrupted, smiling as though the whole proceeding were a joke, "but couldn't you spare me a drink of something? I'm very thirsty."

"You won't feel thirsty when you're dead, which will be quite shortly," brutally replied the captain. The truth was, he didn't relish the trick played upon him by the little drummer, and in consequence, was in a beastly humor. Just then the innkeeper approached.

"Captain," said he, "there's—there's—"

"Go on," the officer exclaimed impatiently.

The landlord continued, after some hesitation: "Some of the young fellows out there tell me your son was rather badly shot in mistake by one of our own men. In fact, they're here with him now."

For an instant the captain shook unsteadily. But quickly recovering himself, he commanded:

"Have them bring him to me."

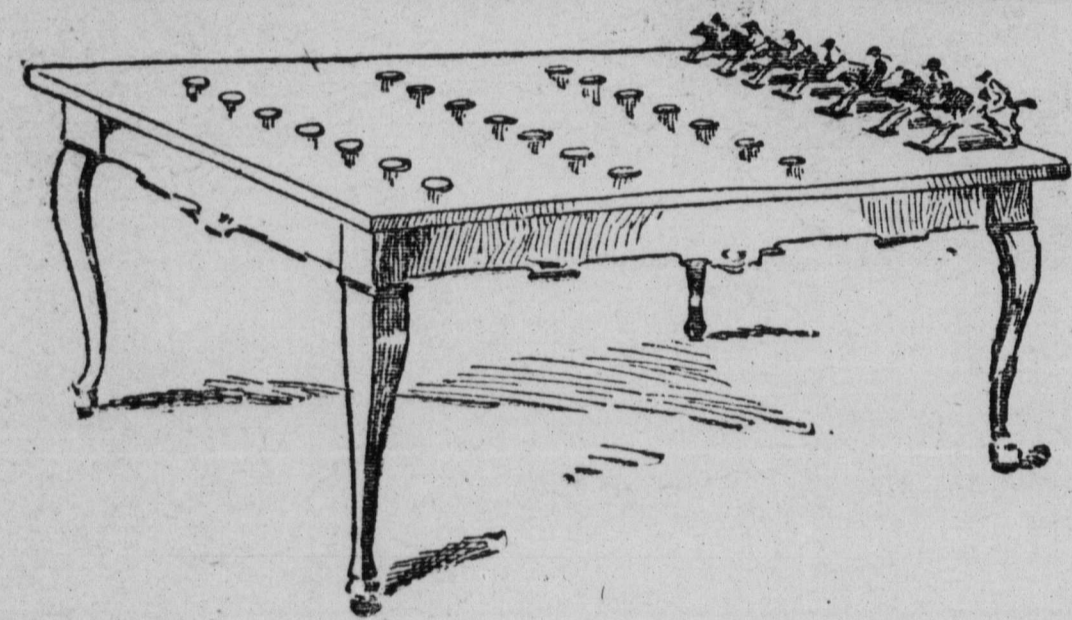
From around the corner of the inn appeared several youths carrying their burden upon a rough board. They laid the board, with that which was upon it, at the officer's feet and then silently withdrew.

A long time the captain gazed on the face of his boy—now dead!

Looking about him in a dazed manner, he perceived a 15-year-old drummer boy still standing with his captor.

"I've changed my mind about that execution," said Captain Beaucourt quietly; "and, as we've no way here of keeping prisoners, suppose we let him go without the usual parole."

## Horse Race on Table



THERE'S lots of fun and excitement in watching a horse race. And it is possible for you to have one in your own home.

The horses—most any number—can be made from pasteboard and wood by the employment of a little skill. For the race course, use the level top of a light table. Glue little blocks of wood

to its surface, for obstacles in the course.

If you rock the table gently from side to side, after placing the horses at the starting point, the wee jockeys will ride their steeds toward the end of the course. Some will be stopped by obstacles, and some will travel faster than others, so that it will be difficult as well as interesting to pick the winner.

## King Edward's Little Boy Friend

WHILE the King of England was taking tea one afternoon with a party of friends in the Bellevue Gardens of Marlborough, he observed a curly haired little boy, with bare brown legs, playing nearby. King Edward is very fond of boys and girls, and he offered the little fellow a piece of cake from the royal table. The boy drew near. Then, becoming seized with bashfulness, ran away to his nurse.

But the king persisted. Placing the cake on a plate, he pushed it over to the edge of the table and beckoned the youngster to approach. Finally, the boy's liking for cake triumphed over his shyness. He came slowly to the table, and hurriedly darted away with his prize.

Presently he returned with the plate. "Thank you," said he to the king, holding out his hand. The boy shook it and then ran away.

Mrs. Mater: "Have you seen Mr. Pater's son since he got home from college?" Daughter: "Yes, ma; saw him last night." Mrs. M.: "Has he improved much?"

When the king was about to leave the gardens, the boy saw him, and, recognizing him as the gentleman who had given him the cake, broke away from his horrified nurse. He chased after King Edward, until he finally overtook him.

"Good-bye!" cried he. "The cake was very good."

His majesty rested a hand on the curly head. "Good-bye," said he, kindly and with a smile.

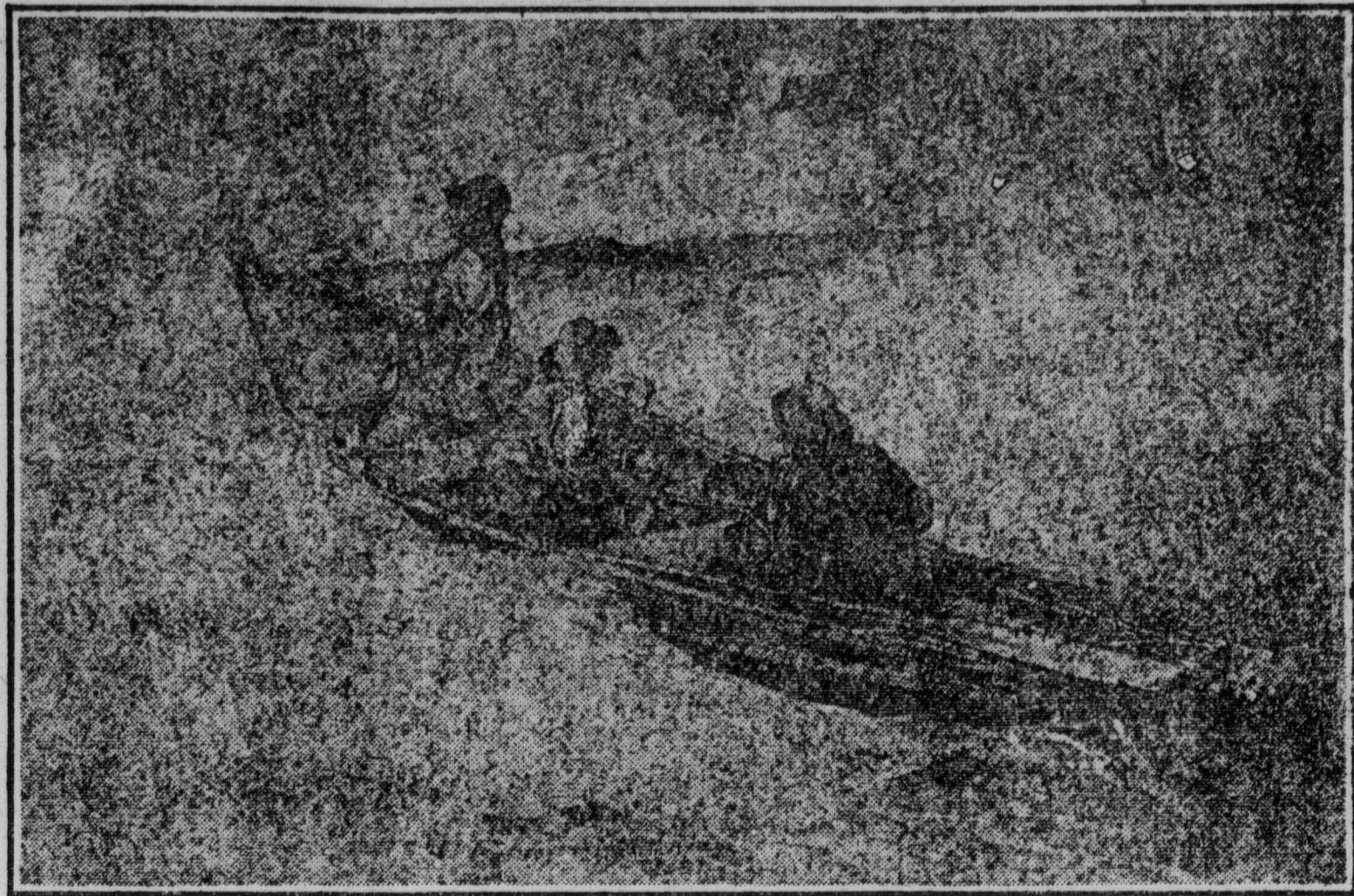
Unexpected Answer. A school teacher was trying to have her pupils understand the meaning of the word "cuticle." Seeking an illustration, she asked:

"Now, Dolly Jones, tell me what it is with which my face and hands are covered."

With startling promptness came the reply: "Freckles."

Daughter: "Awfully. He's got a moustache." A set of dominoes can be combined in 284,929,211,840 different ways.

## SABLE



HOWARD AND JIM GO OUT IN THE BOAT WITH SIM

WHEN Howard Rutherford paid his long anticipated visit to Uncle Hugh's cottage at Pleasant Point he found no enjoyment lacking. The town is situated near Halifax, on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia. From the veranda Howard could see the waves racing over the beach sands, while to the rear of the cottage stretched woods of birch, maple, spruce and pine; so that the salty breezes from the sea mingled with the fragrant, resinous odors of the forest. Then, too, Cousin Jim was of exactly his own age—14 years—and was as eager as Howard to paddle through the narrow streams and lakes upon fishing excursions and to make gunning expeditions into the forest.

Howard envied his cousin the possession of a real birch bark canoe, as well as a spirited pony, astride which the lads in turn would canter merrily along the beach. One day as they were strolling toward the sea to watch the

last rewarded by finding the captain's eye resting thoughtfully upon him. A moment later the reply came forth amid a cloud of tobacco smoke:

"Pervided yer parents are willin', young man, to have yuh venture on the briny."

"Oh, that's all right," Jimmy reassured him. "Come along!" he shouted, clapping Howard on the back and dragging him toward the fishing smack Saucy Minerva, which lay moored in a sheltered cove beyond.

"You see," Jimmy explained, "the captain is just back from fishing on the Banks, and now since Bill Garrett is home sick and Lem Griffin's hurt his leg, he can't put off on a long trip short-handed; so he's making short voyages until the two men are replaced."

### OFF TO THE BANKS

Once on board, Jimmy, who seemed thoroughly at home, showed Howard over the smack. Soon they were joined by Captain Barnaby and Sim, and the crew quickly got the boat under way.

Far from shore sailed the Saucy Minerva, until she was over the banks and submerged reefs, where swam those tiny sea folk, the annulaculæ, which the herring find so tempting and which the larger fish enjoy indirectly by gobbling up their weaker brethren, the herring.

But after trawling for a few hours the captain seemed dissatisfied with his luck, and signalled for the return of the small boats. When all were aboard he again set sail, and, in response to Jimmy's query, muttered:

"Think I'll try over there 'round Sable Island. We're not makin' out well here."

Just when the lads could faintly distinguish among the dark clouds of fog what looked like a dozen low-lying hummocks in relief against the horizon, Captain Barnaby brought the boat to, graciously explaining that they were then over Sable Island Banks, near to that part known as George's Bank, where the usual depth of shoals (from thirty to seventy fathoms) was much decreased, as was made evident by the thundering roar of the breakers beyond.

### DRIVEN BY GALE

"And the land over there," said he, "is Sable Island, shaped like a bow, with a hollow in its north side."

Jimmy begged to be allowed to go out in a yawl. The captain finally consented, so Jimmy and Howard lowered themselves into Sim's boat, where they could watch him float his trawling lines over the fishing ground. They were some distance away from the Minerva, when suddenly there came fitful puffs of wind.

"A storm!" exclaimed Sim anxiously. He took another look at the sky and then pulled like mad for the smack. But before he had rowed many boat-lengths the gale was upon them. Rain, fiercely driven by the wind, pelted the three. A thick mist had risen, hiding the Saucy Minerva from view. Sim had shipped his oars, and now lay in the bottom of the boat with the boys, whom

he had instructed to don oilskins and sou'westers.

Occasionally there would be a momentary lull in the storm; then the gale would renew its attack, driving the yawl before it at furious speed. Meantime they were rapidly approaching the breakers, whose savage roars burst more and more loudly upon the ears of the frightened lads. Sullen booms of thunder rolled above the shouting of the shoals in deep, dread undertone.

When it seemed that they were about to be hurled into a boiling cauldron, inhabited by shrieking demons of the sea, the boat was seized aloft and pitched like a cockleshell hither and thither upon giant waves, crested with flying spume. Then began a frightful passage toward the shore, as tumultuous as it was brief. With terrific force the yawl was dashed upon the beach, where occurred an instant's respite in the fury of the pursuing waves. Sim was equal to the occasion.

"Up the beach!" he yelled hoarsely, flinging the lads from the boat. Struggling desperately with the waves, which already sought to drag them back, they staggered over the sand, at last finding refuge beyond the water line.

But even here great danger threatened. Masses of loose sand, swirled about by the tempest, would like to have engulfed them as in a sea. While they pressed blindly forward, seeking shelter, a pounding of hoofs was heard close by. They turned to find beside them a stalwart man, clothed in oilskins and mounted on a sturdy pony.

For this act of gallantry he received his commission, the first step of the ladder up which he later climbed to the rank of Major-General.

A FATHER OF SOLDIERS. More remarkable still was the career of Joseph Brome, who as a lad of twelve, rattled the drum in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, stationed in the Island of Minorca.

Joseph rose through every grade until he was subbed Lieutenant-General, and, when he died, left behind him a son and a grandson, each of whom reached the same enviable goal.

But the most remarkable of all these ex-ranker Generals was undoubtedly John Elley, a charity schoolboy, who left the tan pits to wear the King's uniform as trooper in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards. And it was lucky for John that he did so; for he proved so capable a soldier that he rose rapidly to full General's rank. He was Wellington's most trusted adviser at Waterloo, was knighted by George III., sat for Windsor at Westminster, and his virtues are perpetuated on a marble tablet above his last resting-place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.—London. Tit-Bits.

KING OF SPAIN'S CLOTHES. The young King of Spain was indifferent about his dress until he was married, but the Queen is fond of good clothes and insists that he shall be particular. He goes to many of the King's tailors and haberdashers, and some of his friends say he imitates King Edward's style of dress. Of his dress uniforms he is especially proud of the costume of a German infantry colonel.

MAN, POOR MAN! Mrs. Flutter—Mrs. Crabapple says her husband kisses her good-bye every morning of his life.

Mr. Futter—I often wondered what gave him that sour expression.

Watchdogs now help to guard the treasures of the Louvre. There are over 19,000,000 deposits in the savings banks of Germany.

True Stories of Dogs. If you could travel through Germany and Austria down into the little country of Servia and visit its small army, you would be surprised to find there some very interesting ancient customs still carefully observed.

One of these customs is to have the big regimental drum drawn by a powerful dog. It rests on a two-wheeled cart, behind which the drummer marches and beats the drum with far greater ease than if he were also carrying its full weight from his shoulders.

The dog is trained to keep its place even in a long and tedious march.

For sister's hat is bigger far Than daddy's big umbrellas are; And I just know I won't get wet If underneath her hat I get!

ELSIE PARRISH.



COUSIN JIM

fishing boats put out, he said: "I say, Jimmy, I'm going to write father for the necessary shekels to buy a canoe and pony like you have. I think they're great."

"Yes, they are all right," returned Jim, "but suppose you postpone the letter until we come back from this sail. I think we can coax Captain Barnaby to give us."

The two, joining hands, raced across to where Captain Barnaby was supervising the repairing of a small boat.

"Going out today, Cap?" asked Jimmy.

"Aye," replied Captain Barnaby shortly.

"We're going with you, aren't we?" pursued the lad.

Without appearing to take further notice of his questioner, the old sailor jerked the short stem of an exceedingly black pipe from his mouth, and waving it in the direction of the boat, growled: "Caulk that seam good and tight, Sim, and then turn 'er over so's the keel get a look at 'er port side."

Jimmy waited patiently and was at

## Sister Jane's New Hat



WHEN I go out with Sister Jane, It will not matter if the rain Comes suddenly a-pouring down While we are walking round the town.

Mistress: "Your cold's very bad, Jane. Are you doing anything for it?" Jane: "Oh, yes, m'm. The chemist have giv' me some recom-mended stincture of Queen Anne."

Before going in for politics a physician should feel the public pulse. Over 305,000,000 passengers were carried on the railways of India last year.

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